

Sketch

Volume 19, Number 3

1953

Article 5

Modern Lazarus

Anonymous*

*

Copyright ©1953 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

Modern Lazarus

Anonymous

Abstract

The brown clock hooks crooked arms About the arrogant, enameled numbers And drags them
down to me, Stacks the hours around me In a welded, knotted net...

‘I don’t know, Uncle Lucifer, I ain’t much interested in hogs no more.’

He poured me a whisky glass full and said, “Here, son, drink this and even a hog’ll look purty to you.”



Modern Lazarus

The brown clock hooks crooked arms
About the arrogant, enameled numbers
And drags them down to me,
Stacks the hours around me
In a welded, knotted net.
But I shall draw the purple shades
And look away,
For who can then say, with calm assurance,
That the night will fall?
Who can say the day will break? Who will say, this is real
and that a fake?
And where is this Nazarene
Who will twine his arms within the arms
Of the clock upon the wall,
And say, now is the time to rise and walk?
If He should ring my bell
I will not listen,
I will prop my feet upon a desk,
Puff a cork-tipped cigarette,
Read a modern novelette,
And let the hours fall.

